

THE

ABOLITIONISTS

AND

TRANSPORTATIONISTS

A SATIRICAL POEM,

My voice was heard again, tho' not so loud,
My page, tho' nameless, never disavow'd.

BYRON.

If gold still make us blest, and keep us blest
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

POPE.

Robert Colton:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR

BY JOHN MOORE, 11, MACQUARIE STREET.

1847.

PRICE—HALF-A-CROWN.

PREFACE.

IN offering this work to the public, I will not detain them, with that most unwelcome of all introductions to me—a lengthy preface.

The Transportation Question, has created in Hobart Town, a little literary revolution ; at whatsoever Stationer's shop you present yourself, you are accosted with " Have you read Common Sense, Sir, or The 'Transportation Question Considered ?" " I can assure you they are equally clever ; so ably have their Authors argued the matter, that 'the Question may not inaptly be compared to a halfpenny, upon which, Vice and Virtue have been impress'd, and it is a toss up in my mind, which has gained the Victory—and last, not least, their conjunctive price Sir, is ONLY twelve plebeian coppers ; just the price Sir, of a bundle of Mr. Seal's best Cigars, and much cheaper, and better food for the mind it must be allowed ; for whatever air of authority, Dr. Johnson may have thrown around

the sex-dispersing practice of smoking, with all due deference to his Lexiconship, I could never see, either the sociability, or the utility of it—if they swallowed the smoke, there would be some sense in it, but to keep puffing it in, and puffing it out again—I beg your pardon, Sir, I'm sure I was not aware you patronised a Divan. Then we have the smaller fry, commencing with "A Letter to the Householders of Hobart Town, upon the MORALS and MORAL condition of the Colony," and concluding with its graphically written, and neatly enveloped Review, "By a Member of the Medical Profession." But alas! "what is there in a name," or even in the colour of a Review? Interrogate a Lady upon the subject, and she will tell you, there is something more than Shakespeare would have had us believe—"That horrid man with that odious name! shall I ever recover the shock my nerves received, when I first heard it pronounced? I can't endure him, Mignonette, I couldn't like him if he were as handsome as Adonis"; "neither could I for the matter of that, but he Polka's, oh! so delightfully"; "so he does, but you must admit his hair is frightful, and do you know; at least I was at Mrs. ——'s last night;

and she told me," "what did she tell you, Lucy dear? if you don't tell me immediately, never stir, if I ever speak to you again. Oh! do tell me that's a love;" "that the men say his dancing is not proper." "Not proper indeed? what do the men know about it? but that's just like them, they are always talking about our gossiping, and they are the very first to commence it. Oh! I do so hate a scandal-monger, especially a man-gossip; I know of nothing so disgusting in nature save an old crusty bachelor, with a face like an animated nutmeg-grater, and a nose like a ripe mulberry; and they are as bad too who listen to them, and afterwards retail it. I wouldn't be one of those creatures—no, not for Slop Palace, and its universe of silks; not proper indeed! she had better attend to her own affairs: as far as regards his dancing, his Polka is the best thing that has ever been imported, I can tell her *that*, for her information—well I'm sure, it's like her impertinence talking about me: what next? but I'll be one with her yet, see if I'm not. His Polka is worth all the animals those Gothish (what do you call 'em?) Societies have brought out put together. Pana never went to one

of their nasty dinners, but he came home so helplessly tipsey that he was obliged to take the bannisters to bed with him ; “ But his NAME Mignonette, his NAME—fancy being call’d Mrs. Phibb’s ! the bare idea almost gives me the hystericks. I should expect some monster like Sinclair, whom I have heard my brothers talk so much about, was always in the house. All his smiling and bowing, all his protestations of affection, could never compensate me, for the loss of my spirits my health, my looks and my—hartshorn. Now take particular notice of that sweetly pretty girl at Mr. Barfoot’s, with the affectionate large blue eyes and light flaxen ringlets, temptingly inviting another ‘rape of the lock.’ What an infinity of good taste is displayed, from the largest to the minutest article of her dress—from the modest plaid, which folds closer to its ward, fearful that the approaching breath of Winter may prematurely frighten away its evanescent charge, to the quiet straw bonnet lined with velvet, that sits becomingly on its eminence as conscious that it canopied no common head. What simplicity ! and yet I am but

a poor judge of human nature—if she does not betray by her actions, some of the inconsistencies of her sex—see ; she is quietly looking over the books, for she happens to be that rare Ibis, in Colonial society, a literary lady—What say you if she admires, and selects the most showily bound one to take home with her ! If she does not, I'll go without thinking of her fair face for a fortnight. How gently, yet expressively, she places her small and delicately white hand, (perhaps merely for the sake of contrast,) upon that one with the gilt flowers, and red Morocco binding, taking it up as tenderly as though it were her querulous old maiden aunt's favourite lap-dog ! We will not commit such a piece of wanton vulgarity, as to enquire the price of it ; but aha ! she is already wending her way homewards, and can scarcely refrain from innocently diving into its shining leaves, for well she wots many an interesting tale is there, arrayed in all the charming naiveté of first love's confusion.

Think of this ye supererogatory scribblers ! and remember, that not only immortality, but the most sublime word in the English

or any other language—PROFIT—is in the hands of the Bookbinder ! We may perhaps follow the tale of the book at some future period, as there is a very remarkable history attached to it ; for the present, the cold conventional rules of writing I have so frequently passed the rubicon of, demand that I should return to my abbreviated Preface, which, if you expected to have been short, you must have been sadly unacquainted with the tricks of the “*cacoethes scribendi*” tribe.

If I had announced it to be long, the chances are, you would have been agreeably surprised. The fact is, I am anxious my Mr. Preface should set the Preface Society a good example ! and induce that erudite order of gentlemen to be less prosy, and more comprehensive for the future ; for generally speaking, they are devoid of everything but stupidity. It has lately become so much the fashion to treat them with contempt ; that very few readers ever think of looking at them. I frankly confess I write this with the encouraging prospect in view, that not one of my patronizers in ten, will give himself

the PLEASURE of perusing it attentively,

I cannot understand (perhaps it is attributable to my want of imagination) why a Preface should not be good? Does it not contain comparatively as many mathematical square inches of writing, as any other part of the book? Is it not paid as highly for? Think ye it either writes, prints, or by far the most important, tho' seldom the most arduous task*—composes itself?

It is to be hoped, for the lovers of *recherché* literature, that this will be "The Last of the Mohicans."

The political candle has been so completely burnt out, that it would require a man of no ordinary ingenuity to light it again.

I venture this paradoxically speaking, as both an igniter and extinguisher; whether it is destined to fulfil either expectation, is in the breath of the public: if I had the choice I should prefer only the former, for bad indeed must be the tone of that society, in which the efforts of growing

* For a justification of this, I appeal to Mr. Kentish.

literature, instead of being fostered—are repulsed.

Finding a greater facility in expressing my ideas in rhyme, than out of rhyme, I have adopted this very unpopular method. In the opening of the work will be found a description of the Giant Meeting—a more literal version I think could scarcely be found in any of the newspapers, as I have, with very few exceptions, confined myself to the original, and given for the most part the wit elicited from the pit and side-boxes.

Conscious of my inability to do justice to the subject, I should have remained perfectly silent, if any one else had come forward to commemorate the chief actors, in this most critical period in the History of Van Diemen's Land.

A fastidious reader may possibly object to the harshness of some of my similies ; tho' if he were a Transportationist, it would be cutting the throat of his own argument, as I was not only born, but for the most part educated in the Colony. In reply I would temperately ask him, " what scaven-

ger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud ;” or whether, in endeavouring to give an idea unironically of a disagreeable odour—*assafetida*, for instance, he would compare it to the unsullied fragrancy of the rose ?

I remain, Yours &c.

THE AUTHOR.

Hobart Town, June 26th, 1847.

ERRATA.

| | | | | |
|---------------------------------|-----|-----------|-------------|------------------|
| Page 16 and 19th line from top, | for | Pitt's | read | Pit's |
| — 17 and 5th | " | for | ususp | read usurp |
| — 24 and 23rd | " | for | euphonius | read euphonious |
| — — 17th | " | for | porteriture | read portraiture |
| — 26 and 2nd | " | for | advocate | read advocate |
| — 27 and 21st | " | for | immaculate | read immaculate |
| — 28 and 2d line from bottom | for | Yourself | read | Thyself |
| — 29 and 27th line from top | for | St. David | read | St. David's |
| — 38 and 13th | " | for | their's | read there's |

THE
ABOLITIONISTS
AND
TRANSPORTATIONISTS.

There are, (I scarce can think it, but am told,)
There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold.

POPE.

Are there no sins for Satire's bard to greet ?
Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street ?

BYRON.

AWAKE my muse ! hymn high the praise of those,
Who, to fair freedom's sacred call arose,
And every advocate of slavery find,
To brand him as the basest of mankind !
Search thro' all ranks, thro' high, thro' low, and when
You find a recreant, shrink not to condemn.
Let Brutus you, a bright example give,
Who sacrificed his Son, that Rome might live,
And he whose dagger, found great Cæsar's breast,
And free'd at once, th' oppressor and oppress.
Such was the spirit of the ancient days,
That acts like these, could gain immortal praise ;
Some heavenly bard in lofty numbers strong,
Had heroised you in triumphant song ;)
But since so philanthropic man became
Statists and Artists *but* small merit claim,
Tho deform'd pigmies gain the worlds applause,
See Genius starve, with bailiffs at her doors,

Exemplified when Tom Thumb play'd his part,
 And drew the crowd, that broke poor Haydon's heart!
 His heartless countrymen now adore his dust,
 And to his memory raise the storied bust ;
 One-half the sum that paid the Sculptor's skill,
 In patronage had blest us with him still.
 Yet, should another Haydon shine next year,
 Oh ! let him die ! and Heki's brethren cheer !!!

In literature Colonials are so chaste,
 You scarce know what to say, to please their taste :
 The newest mode, to be pronounced sublime,
 Is to produce a brilliant Pantomime !
 That like a Cyprian, whose chief beauty's dress,
 Upon its scenery shall depend no less ;
 Whose incidents are older than the Hills,
 And little short of Buckley in its bills ;
 Whom Rogers, clever Actor, scarce can keep
 His comic soul, from falling fast asleep.
 You then become the Pitt's and Boxes rage,
 Tho' London would have hissed you off the Stage.
 The *Times* insults you with its flattering breath,
 Applauding every syllable to death !
 The *Chronicle* springs forth to your relief
 With the hoarse welcomes of a Pirate Chief !!!
 Degraded Press ! friend only to your foes,
 Loyal, you turn the way the *Sovereign* goes ;
 If ever you dare praise a verse of mine,
 I'll try you by a Jury of the—nine.
 And seek from them, 'gainst you to gain redress
 Twin Boa-constrictor's of a lying press !

So many Author's now their thoughts indite
 'Tis almost deemed vulgarity to write,
 I tread the Arena of the Muses Court
 Perhaps to give the criticisers sport :
 And if I'm worsted in the inky fray,
 I fall a martyr to no schoolboy's play,

Should one in Vice more barefaced than the rest !
 Here find enshrined a mirror of his breast !
 And send his friend, unto his *friend*, then I
 A salve to ease his conscience will apply.

When Monster Crime usurps the censor's place
 Hideous in soul, as Boz's Quilp in face,
 When Pamphleteers, and *Speakers* rush the Press,
 Why should a Rhymer seek not rhymes egress ?
 Then come along my muse, with smiling mien
 Strike right and *left*, be sure your weapon's keen,
 No quarter give : *our's* is the cause of right,
 And curs'd be he who'd not for freedom fight.

The meeting call'd, and all Tasmania there,
 The Sheriff bowing took the proffer'd chair,
 Then briefly said, " he hoped the meeting would
 " Give every one a hearing—if they could,
 " Or else the question was not dealt with fair ;
 " Now please to elect a staunch man for the Chair.
 With cheers the " Veteran Patriot " was received ;
 Pale and aghast the Virulists deceived,
 Murmur'd while each, each other there was greeting
 " Tis execrable let's dissolve the meeting.
 Their object was, to make the honest stare
 And place the far famed Usurer in the chair.

The " People's Father, " " thank'd them from his soul,
 " The cause was most important : on the whole
 " He never saw so many take their stand,
 " Upon a public question in the land,
 " Let calm discussion be the ruling word,
 " That every public Speaker may be heard.
 Thus far proceeding welcom'd with applause,
 He ask'd " if they would hear him for his cause ; "
 But scarce commenced to speak, when Romeo spoke,
 Just like a wild Steer bursting from the yoke,
 Or Wolf upon a harmless fold of sheep,

A F R m

Sten

Or Tiger when its victim is asleep,
 He rush'd upon the stage—"he did object
 "To such a course—the least he could expect
 Was fair play—free discussion—is it this
 "This free, (here he was silenced with a hiss.)
 "No precedent in England will you find,
 "The Chairman ought to have a neutral mind,
 "The Chairman had no right, to speak his views,
 "It was a right claim'd only by the muse,
 "And much he doubted, whether Apollo's self,
 "In convocation, would have left the shelf.

(Here he was interrupted with, "chair! chair!")

"And please conduct that Lawyer to the rear!"

luch Crichton came forward mid a world of riot, ~~which~~
 Which scarcely could be lull'd to seeming quiet,

Asserting boldly, as he waved his hand,

"It ne'er was mooted in his father-land,

"Indeed it was the usual custom there

"First to receive, the opinions from the chair

"And further ask'd, would any here affect

"To say his statement could be incorrect.

Turncoat Turncoat now whisper'd in his ear,) "reply do."

And And Romeo's outraged reason exclaimed, "I do."

"Denial is no proof, you cannot move it,

"No"—cried *Imported*, but Sir, "I can prove it,"

"Again Sir, I assert, you know the rest

"Your proof will not stand worthy of the test;

"Will any man in this assembly dare,

"To say before the public, and the chair,

"No one can hold an impartial balance there,

"Between the adverse sides, who has address'd,

"The meeting, and his sentiments express'd.

Romeo Romeo "I" but some impertinent dog

Call'd out aloud, "go home and take your grog!!!

The Chairman opportunely waived his right,

Or Romeo would have challenged him to fight.

A Captain then did quietly impart

1 a comb

Thoughts, that did honour to his head and heart ;
 He said " he'd heard the question did not touch
 " The public interests, he refuted such,
 " It was a pestilence in this fair land,
 " Against whose influence, all should make a stand,
 " From high to low, from Country to the Town,
 " To rise as one and hunt the monster down.

officer
 A Dr. too, most warmly acquiesced,
 In all his friend before him had express'd,
 " Despite of all, the Transportationists say,
 " This shall be termed the glorious sixth of May,
 " In this Isle's Annals it shall foremost be,
 " Honour'd by us, and our posterity,
 " An Anniversary of the day we'll keep,
 " And never let the moral Victory sleep;
 " It's fame shall echo back from shore to shore
 " And be revered, when we shall be no more.

alderman
 A Lawyer hight, alas ! it must be bad,
 When even the law, the moral courage had,
 To send one forth, the system to condemn,
 And bleed pollution, with ablution's phlema.
 Most nobly came he forward,—this the strain
 In which he did of slavery complain,
 " Hail ! Countrymen, our very birthright is
 " Wound up and rests in this hypothesis,
 " That birthright which, upon our native shore
 " Our Father's gained through seas of human gore ;
 " And will you now, when you possess the choice,
 " Surrender it, with voluntary voice ?
 " Free Institutions, every good man craves,
 " But who would give them to a race of slaves ?
 " Then burst your fetters, may we live to see,
 " The restoration of our liberty !
 " Could any man when first he landed here
 " Gaze on a clanking chain, and shed no tear ?
 " He envied not that man, his callous heart

" Was brutalised, beyond the power of art,
 " To make him worse—innately inhumane
 " His soul's ideal was a heaven of gain !
 " Our morals have been lower'd in the scale
 " Of mortals, both feminine and male,
 " Have suffer'd in the struggle—I have seen,
 " Masters refuse to take slaves back again,
 " When they have punish'd them ; but now
 " What is the consequence, with knitted brow
 " When festering from the lash, Oh ! brutes abhorr'd !
 " They promise them renewal of the cord.

The far and well liked Robins tried to read, *Lowes*
 A document upon the penal creed,
 But was repuls'd with one tremendous shout
 Of read at home " here you'll please to spout ! spout !
 And a big bell, whose tongue had got the gout,
 Kept ringing to the tune of " turn him out."
 The Chairman called out " order" to the crowd,
 But they responded with a " spout !" so loud,
 That every timber in the building shook,
 And every plank, its brother plank forsook.
 The uproarious tumult having died away,
 The Chairman begg'd " they'd give his friend fair play,
 Beseeching them to view it, in this light,
 " That might was not a triumph over right."

Tom Turncoat *John South* here did gloriously propose,
 Pollution to the backbone, and oppose,
 The unjust treatment Robins had received,
 " Is this your freedom ? would it be believed,
 " At home—abroad, that any public man,
 " Was put down by a systematic plan ?
 " He never heard before, 'twas all philander,
 " A Speaker could not read from memoranda,
 " This privilege the *quiet* other side
 " Had ta'en, and wherefore was it now denied—
 (No personal allusions loud were roar'd.

And all except Pollutionists encor'd !!)

"He modestly resumed, he was averse

"To advocate just now, the so call'd curse !

"'Twas not probation, or have no probation,

"It was so say the worst, mere transportation !

"The Question was, for Abolition would they

"See both their roads, and bridges in decay :

"Did they declare, destroy it as a thing

"Of pestilence, that must damnation bring ?

("They did, they did) groans, hisses too were show'd

"That would have Job's proverbial temper sour'd !

Where were they to live ?—he asked them *where* ?

(Tremendous uproar)—"do you call this fair?"

"He hoped to see the day, when all would meet,

"Commix'd with slaves, in Freedom's Hall's to greet.

"Free Institutions purge the public mind,

"And like the elements in conflict, find

"A social balm, which hath a healing power,

"Falling alike on all, a genial shower.

"A boon, a blessing, an immunity,

"To any free and peaceable community

"And who are more so, than the men I'm greeting,

"Always excepting at a public meeting ?

"If you at once, abolish transportation,

"Farewell to you—farewell to emigration,

"He did not think, the prisoners in reality,

"Produced among us any immorality,

"It was a falsehood, look at education,

"How it advanced in spite of Transportation.

"Look at the Matthew's of this Isle's sobriety,

"Belonging to an anti-sot society.

("Are you a water-bibber, Turncoat Tom ?

"I think you give the preference to rum)

I answer in the Poet's words to you

"I may know the right, but yet the wrong pursue

"I see it is a thorough waste of breath,

"And one may talk his orat'ry to death

" In vain to gain a hearing 'mong such mñions,
 " So I retire—enjoy your own opinions.

*

*

*

*

Imus

" His friend who had, (hisses, groans, and cheering
 " Preceded him, had been denied a hearing,
 " He therefore moved the resolution's burned,
 " And the meeting be immediately adjourned.

A man amongst our Barristers a star,
 Who doubtless was reared at and for the bar !
 Supported *this*, at least tis so reported,
 And not denied by even the *Exported* !

Peter declared, " his name might justly be,
 " A synonyme with all for infamy,
 " If he did not, most strenuously declaim,
 " Against a system, that he blush'd to name ;
 " The crimes were far too horrible to tell,
 " That had transpired at the Probation Hell !
 " An abomination in the face of God,
 " And all who look'd beyond this temporal sod !
 " Enormities pass there unpunished by !
 " That would produce from Satan's self a sigh,
 " The blood was curdled to life's fount—the heart,
 " And the frail flesh instinctively did start,
 " In recollection of so vile a thing,
 " Corruption's wither'd leaf which hath no spring,
 " Until the struggle almost free'd the mind,
 " In utter execration of mankind.

A delegate of all the working men,
 Did now the Transportation cause condemn,
 " He wish'd to shew the sophistry that could
 " Attempt to put upon our minds a hood,
 " Darkening our moral vision, till we scarce
 " Could see the light, that truth shed on the farce,

" But no sound reasons had as yet been giv'n,
 " Why d—'d on earth, 'twas not thrice d—'d in heav'n.
 " The very men who promise you bright days,
 " If you will lift your voice in their appraise,
 " Care not a song how the mechanics thrive,
 " As long as they voluptuously can live ;
 " He joy'd to hear, the major part assever,
 " Let Transportationism cease for ever.

Smith

Campagnia next held forth in language brief,
 Which to my Pegasus gave great relief,
 For his short speech and patriotic soul
 Contained the sense and essence of the whole.

Another delegate came forth to say,
 " This was Tasmania's best and brightest day,
 " The day that sees her rights of man maintain,
 " To be as free as Albion's on the main ;
 " The sun might shine—the stars might stud the sky,
 " But if they did not smile on liberty,
 " They only gave the light Sterne's Starling saved,
 " Enough to see his fluttering soul enslaved.

Crichton again appeared, and with him came,
 The loud applause of well deserved fame,
 " He thank'd them cordially, their hearty cheers,
 " Tho' joy to him, would jar, on other ears,
 " Especially the harpies who had try'd,
 " To stir dissension 'mong them—he defy'd'
 " These human Vultures, one lone act to find,
 " In which they'd render'd service to mankind.
 " The past should be forgotten—to upbraid
 " A fellow creature of inferior grade
 " With his misfortunes, who work'd on with pain,
 " Striving to rise by honesty again,
 " Was conduct worthy of a brute, *not* man ;
 " But let it flourish where it first began,
 Concluding with—the very thing that rhymes,
 A vote of thanks unto the *London Times*.

Heath
in C. L. A. C.

The chair vacated, he who took the chair,
 Was thank'd for his impartial conduct there.
 Response were vain, the meeting in arrears
 Repaid him with enthusiastic cheers:
 Three cheers for Queen Victoria rang again,
 Which proves the *factionous* are most loyal men.

Thus past the Meeting, I must now draw breath,
 Or else my Muse will gallop on to death.
 Apollo sent me Satire's curb last night,
 To strain her vigorous wing's erratic flight.
 So reader pray, with brilliant hopes dispense,
 And satisfy yourself with common sense.
 Assist me, Jacob Lacland, thou—the spring,
 From which this “*rara avis*” doth take wing:
 Altho' my muse can scarce to wit aspire,
 If you'll find argument, I'll find Satire!
 But to commence, a portariture I'll try,
 Of the respected reverend Mr. ——— *Jay*
 Henry Phibbs——— *fibbs* sift it about
 From right to left, no grain of truth falls out:
 Indeed he must have most consummate brass
 To write at all, hie Satan what an Ass
 Your cousin is, with his euphonius name,
 To scribble as a candidate for fame?
 For this his name shall here be pæan'd high,
 And where your Fiendship reigns, shall be all—
 Henry Phibbs——— alias *fibbs*, good God!
 Johanna Southcote joined to Dr. Dodd,
 Sounds not so harsh upon the readers ear,
 As this episcopalian Pamphleteer.
 Both were Impostors—not so bad as he,
 One could not bear a young divinity,
 And wept beneath an Oak's umbrageous shade
 Because 'twas doom'd before its birth to fade.
 But you ingrate contented not to find
 All men, like you most wickedly inclined,

Would keep on oceans of pollution brewing,
Till you engulphed us all in one wide ruin.

He first informs us in his dedication,
That he's an advocate for Transportation ;
And then goes on this clergyman so nice,
To say we're swamp'd unless we worship vice.

Since then you're Countrymen have sunk so low
Beneath Probationers go tell them so—*
Which when you've proved by demonstration clear,
They'll raise your pay £500 a year.

Drinking immoderately you think not vile †
But incidental to this thirsty Isle !
What saith De Foe, of moralists the best ?
" It is the origin of all the rest."

Why should the Clergymen of every clime
Virtuously advocate the cause of crime ?
" Because it is their duty to redress
" The grievances of sinners who transgress ‡

* " Are we then more demoralized than the population of the generality of English, Irish or Scotch, Sea Port and Garrison Towns ?"

" Bad as is the condition of a great portion of the *labouring* class, no one will say that it comes anything near the misery and vice which prevail among the poorer laborers in the Towns of England and Ireland.

† " It is indeed true, that very many of the laborers of this Island are addicted to *drunkenness* and *theft*, that most of us labor under various infirmities and defects, and it is right that we should *condemn* and *strive* to amend our own faults."

‡ " Both religion and humanity should prevent our refusing to receive into the regenerating influence of our young community, the unhappy victims of the destitution and vice of the land from which we have come, and on which we *depend*."

By parity of reasoning, if you please,
 The Dr.'s. all should advocate disease !
 It seems to me you have a love for place,*
 And dress'd in black the badge of your disgrace,
 Care not a prayer book how the world may live,
 As long as you your salary receive.
 There's one thing sure, if Eve had passed the fruit,
 We should not want you either branch or root.
 Tis well for you our moral vision's blind—
 You live upon the Vices of mankind.

You ask us for our proofs, as if you knew not,†
 You certainly are ignorant if you do not;
 I could bring facts, but sleep my voice for ever,
 Ere I the peace of families dissever.

When tempting things are placed before our eyes,
 Tis "who'd have thought it" if our virtue dies;
 You light a taper to a child's desire,
 And blame the girl for playing with the fire.

Some one has told us, I forget his name,
 A look would set his feverish soul on flame,
 And 'twas the reason that he did not roam,
 But lit his pipe, and read his book at home.

Who e'er finds time through Phibbs's leaves to look,
 Must own his name's a Satire on his book;
 True to his text, he makes my friend Bob stare,
 For he's eclips'd in every sentence there §

* "I foresee our Churches deprived of our Ministers—

† "If we are so immoral and depraved, the proofs of our badness must be very frequent, and easily brought forward: Has any one proved us to be worse than the people of other countries—

§ "It is a common declaration, which I have heard from some of the most zealous advocates for the cessa-

One steady course this reverend man doth take,
 'Tis *fibbs* all thro' without the least mistake.
 The Almighty in his boundless mercy gave
 His name a warning to a credulous age,
 And Phibbs defrauded of his kind intent,
 Rush'd to the Press, and gave his malice vent.
 This is the only way we can procure
 Answer for his debut in literature;
 In fact he's so tied down to this curs'd sod,
 'That money is his Bible and his God.*

Oh sacred man, ponder o'er this with sorrow!
 If thou had'st lived, in Sodom and Gomorrah,
 Swept with those monsters from the hateful plain,
 No Pamphlet of thy virtues could remain
 To disgrace human nature; and my muse,
 A nobler object to discuss might choose!
 But could the rigid moralist e'er desire
 A greater Hypocrite to sanction satire!
 If my young muse, is destined to outlive
 The ephemeral things, that daily Authors give
 Unto the world; the immaculate Mr. ———
 Shall be *immortalized* in infamy.

Who for remembrance sake would wield the pen
 In this cold world, particularly when

tion of Transportation, that the effects of that measure will be such a diminution of the population, that the grass will grow in our streets!!

* I have looked through the arguments and assertions on the subject, and I find that the *only*!!! ground of the Petition is, that the coming of Convicts must corrupt and demoralize us!

The true source of the wealth and advancement of this Island, is the labour of the Convicts, and the expenditure of the British Government, which are an annual importation of capital, and of hands to be employed by it.

Adanson proves, cut on the bark of beech !
 A name beyond three centuries may reach,
 And flourish ever youthful on a lime,
 Perfectly independent of a rhyme !
 But oh ! to think thy cedars, Lebanon,
 Wave o'er the sacred ages that have gone,
 And that their leaf still verdantly appears
 All greenly glittering thro' three thousand years !
 To think that the famed Patriarch's of old,
 Beneath thy venerable boughs have told
 Haply the very tales that are divine.
Themselves, as aged, as the fruitful vine.
 How many Summers o'er thy heights have shone !
 How many Autumns thro' thy branches blown !
 How many Spring-times with reviving breath !
 Have call'd thy Winters from the sleep of death !
 Inspires the mind with awe, till almost we
 With Cath'lic love, revere God thro' a Tree !

The modern Bard must have derived from thee !
 The melody of " Woodman spare that tree."
 No ! from the British oak where danced en—crudity
 Our barb'rous sires, almost in garb en—nudity !
 I wonder what a Regent Street "*Exquisite*"
 Would say to his old savage Father's visit ?
 With mounted glass, methinks he'd yawn and swear,
 Fellow, what's this you've brought—" *demmee*" a bear !

Beloved oak ! where once you grew he strays
 And thinks of sunnier, more endearing days :
 When souls were selfishless, and hearts sincere :
 Now all that memory smiles o'er is a tear.
 When winter stripp'd thee, and thy leaves around
 Strewed vigorous sustenance along the ground,
 Like some aged sire, thou there did'st nobly tower,
 Yourself the life, that blossom'd in the flower.
 How changed since then, no flowers now near thee bloom,

They, even *they* approach with dread the tomb.
 Oh ! who could play beneath one when a child
 And listen to the song bird's wood notes wild,
 And see in after years, by dint of toil,
 Some sordid hand uproot it from the soil
 Where once it flourish'd by the Arm chair's side,
 The families shelter, and the Gardeners pride ;
 And pity not the slaver at the desk
 Whose figur'd silks are his soul's picturesque,
 Nor feel a pardonable wish to curse
 His name for ever, in immortal verse.

Oh ! that in Hobart Town, I had an oak,
 Rail'd round to guard it from the Woodman's stroke ;
 There I would cut in plain prose Fagan's name,
 That other Rhymers, might prolong his fame,
 (For critic's think without a partial nurse,
 The Tree would flourish longer than my verse.)
 And every maid might turn where he was not,
 Tho' living *still*, and execrate the spot.

I sometimes fall down in a tumbling line,
 But then like Satan, 'tis from realms divine.
 I often yield the critic's out of fun,
 An easy hook to hang a cavil on ;
 By Jove, or they would die for want of—breath,
 And I should swan-like sing myself to *death* !
 Oh ! what a dreadful thought that word inspires,
 'Specially where St. David lifts its spires !
 I hear it tolling nearly every day,
 For some sick soul, that's push'd from out its clay.
 " If some are not now supping with old Nick,
 They've dodged his Fiendship with a dusthole trick ;"
 Which makes me think the climate is more wealthy,
 (Tho' Dr's. say not so,) than it is healthy.
 Tho' none can call me most morose of singers,
 I like to see the rich relax their fingers !
 Because you very seldom meet in life,

With one, that likes it less than e'en his wife !
 " 'Tis really shocking to be so unfeeling,
 " Stripping the flesh, as tho' 'twere orange peeling.
 The soul versus the clay within my mind,
 Is what the orange is, unto the rind.
 " It very soon may come to be your turn,
 I really hope my body will not mourn.
 I'm very sure my soul wont, but if next
 I retrogade, I shall be very vext.
 Because I hope to bring to birth in time,
 Something more worthy of my manhood's prime.
 And ere I bow from this my last adieu,
 I wish to pray an extra hour or two,
 'To rub some old sins off that break my rest,
 And hang about the region of my breast.
 For my sake, reader, dont at this line start,
 I'm not so spoony, as to mean my heart.
 For I like Jonathan who call'd his bride
 "My heart"—and placed his hand on 'tother side.
 Am ailing there—'tis palpitations stroke,
 Caught from a superfluity of smoke.
 If I'm allowed to live, until I'm thirty,
 I dont think death will either grieve or hurt me.
 So many twilight pairs coo in this Valley,
 I've christened it for mischief's sake love Alley.
 I dont approve their taste—they are at fault,
 Last night a thousand cats squall'd from a vault,
 And dogs the whole night bay'd unto the moon,
 And Ghosts embrac'd each other in a swoon ;
 Now dont my pleasant reader, growl a d ——— ?
 You don't know what a clever dog I am ;
 But if you've paid for't, give me your best hand,
 And d ——— away to Texas, and be d ——— d.
 You well may say my work's an episode,
 I never keep the track, or beaten road ;
 But if you'll closer look, I have suspected,
 You'll find it very curiously connected.

*Lewis
Lane*

Those cursed critic's caused this long digression,
 Altho' they'll on me lay the whole transgression !
 But that is like them—they should at least go shares :
 For if they'll recollect, the whole fault's theirs.
 Oh ! if they knew how cheap I hold them here,
 How hated is their smile—how loved their sneer ;
 When Stonor and Pharsalia " good " can raise,
 Their hush'd contempt for me's beyond all praise.
Their hush'd contempt ! tis scarcely worth a rhyme,
 And not unlike Sam Weller on sublime.

When my hot Muse no longer tarries here,
 They shant intrude themselves within my sphere :
 Or if they do—so help me—poor Kirk Whyte,
 I'll kick them out, or perish in the fight ;
 You need not fret, my archly smiling fair
 I'm sure Apollo won't admit them there
 There side by side we'll sit, and love our fill,
 And drink intensely of th' immortal rill,
 And sing our songs at least to one another,
 Without th' insipid presence of a brother.

When sentimental thoughts, or buds of mirth
 Within my mind rise struggling for their birth,
 I bid them still, within thoughts labyrinth lay,
 And sneer their visionary smiles away ;
 For well I know that poetry's not read,
 Unless by some young Comus when in bed.
 My Muse has no ambition when she wakes
 To be admired by either flirts or rakes.
 Poetry even Christians from them thrust,
 And in the Bible for salvation trust !
 'Tis strange, 'tis very strange, and yet 'tis true,
 The Bible is sublimity all thro' !

Oh church degrading scribbler, *you* I mean
 Whose Pamphlet, for a Parson's, is obscene
 I left you in some hundred lines above
 Partaking of the object that you love.

From you Pollutionist I sickening turn,
 To feel my soul's indignant feelings burn.
 Well are we made the spittoon of God's Earth,
 Where not one generous sentiment hath birth.
 Where e'er I turn mine eyes I see inert,
 Some Miser grovelling in congenial dirt.

Where is the injured, Fagan ? did she die ?
 Yes, of starvation, or the world doth lie,—
 She who attended you when all forsook,
 Your Mistress, Chambermaid, and even your Cook !
 Oh ! wretch demoralized beyond redemption,
 Claiming from all save villainy exemption ;
 Newgate affords no criminal like thee,
 In vain we search the Page of History,—
 In vain thro' musty heaps of Authors wend,—
 In vain from realms to realms our views extend,—
 Exhausted nature finds no parallel,
 And tired of Earth, in vain appeals to hell !
 A fountain of domestic misery,—
 A Monster of innate iniquity,—
 A character peculiar to this clime,—
 Thou paragon of cruelty and of crime !

The speech that would have been, what is't in print ?
 When analyz'd there's not a sound thought in't ;
 It is designed for quick obliteration,—
 It beareth with it its own refutation ;
 There's in it things propriety wont mention,*

* Being a thorough believer in the opinions of Burke—the ideas are his, but I cannot recollect the language in which he clothed them. “That the false delicacy which would throw a veil over the existence of crime, instead of annihilating it, but erected a stepping stone to its attainment, and that it too frequently arose from a tender regard to the Philanthropists own reputation.” When the flood is at a distance, you may

But there is one part claimeth our attention,—
 I mean the landing prisoner women here,†
 As free as when they breath'd their native air;
 A curious mode of castigating crime !
 'Twill do for this antipodean clime ;
 Oh ! that the gallows could restore her dead !
 What morals would flow forth from Jeffery's head, ‡
 With the advantage of his trip below,—
 Ethics sublime and new he would bestow,
 Round him Pollutionists would mustering sing,—
 Ador'd in hell, reign here for ever King.

look unconcernedly on ; but when by gradual approaches it lifteth you off your legs, it is too late to treat it with contempt. It would be out-Canuteing Canute. I therefore break through the rules of propriety, and leave the public to judge, from the extract, of the justness of my remark. " Even the Army, Navy, Public Schools, and Universities of England are not exempt from the scandal."

† " With reference to female prisoners it has always been my declared opinion that they should be treated as free emigrants on landing ; they would soon spread themselves over the interior, and become useful helpmates in agricultural and mechanical pursuits."

‡ Jeffery was a Bushranger who flourished in the reign of Brady, and, I am creditably informed, had the felicity of making one of the nine, who " hung comfortably" from the old gallows in Hobart Town. He was also the gigantic criminal who, with a ferocity seldom equall'd in the mad cabals of barbarous nations, dash'd out the brains of an innocent and unoffending child, because it happily, unconscious upon what a volcano of human passions it sat, playfully smiled upon him, and turning to the agonized and despairing beseeching's of the mother, with all the savage lowering from his brows and flashing from his eyes, replied with a fiendish execration, and hurled her down a precipice shrieking into eternity.

Fathers of children, I appeal to you
What evils from the pris'ner girls ensue.
I need not scarify the wounds again,
Deep in your memories they must remain.
Will their choice language, think ye, edify,
The wings of thought that scarcely yet can fly ?
Will their society improve the mind,
And send it forth, unto the world refined ?
The answer's plain—go ask a girl to part
From him who first monopolized her heart ?
And tax your mem'ry if you've ever seen
A liberal fool that's not in trifles mean ?
Or trifling witticiser in small talk,
That ever soar'd beyond life's medium walk ;
Or sneerer wheresoe'er in life he roam,
Who was not welcome to remain at home,
Or chattering coxcomb with vain foppery fraught,
Whose soul could bound into a noble thought ?
Or epauletted man with shame be 't said,
With head not empty, as his coat was red ?
With heart just warm enough to beat thro' life,
Eat a friend's dinner : appropriate his wife.
Who'll not, with well-bred blindness, when you meet,
Cut you, with cool politeness, in the street.
And who would not conspicuously beside
Insult you with insufferable pride ?
Also to prove he was at Sandhurst bred,
Threaten to break some inoffensive's head
I'll court their company when talents thrive,
And every gentleman has ceased to live.
If few exceptions I must yield at most,
How many Kenny's does the army boast ?
If but to rhyme, I wish I had a daughter
I'd ask her if a fish lives out of water ?
Stop cries Sir Oracle, "indeed, you're wrong,

96
12

'Tis very well to prattle thus in song—
 But why should you from Factory Hordes select
 A pris'ner girl in life not circumspect? "
 Sir Oracle, I'll not the question shun,
 A Sabine Wedding's either *her* or *none*.
 Our free in numbers leave us every day
 And show their sense, by fleeing far away.

The *Speech* declares the natives of this isle
 Are educated in a first-rate style;
 And that some rear a numerous family,
 This latter fact exonerateth me.

Come let's be plain, what can upset the truth? R C
 Inur'd to bad society from youth,
 'Mong grooms and stockmen, taught the whip to rattle;
 I thought of nought save racing, and wild cattle;
 And that's the reason why thro' this I stammer,
 Bravely indifferent to the rules of grammar.
 Among the fair sex 'tis with caution I
 Express myself with due propriety;
 I shake like Clergymen who've got the gout
 For fear some impious "Oh! God" should come out.
 Example may be best of Teachers styled,
 It makes one good, or evil from a child!
 For when matured 'neath crimes maternal eye,
 He must be *Saint* who can its power defy.
 It is the star that rules our destinies,
 Corrupts our hearts, or bows us on our knees,
 In vain Astrology explores the sky,
 Upon the earth this planet we descry,
 Within the breast of man it reigns supreme,
 'Tis there a sacred light or profane beam,
 And like the night shade or medic'nal flow'r,
 Bestows destructive, or creative pow'r.
 It is as vain to try to reform rakes,
 As Lady Franklin's boon to banish snakes!
 It holdeth good in every thing—in life

A gambling husband makes a faithless wife.
And who blames her? what thou! the bottle's slave,
Whose drunken grief weeps brandy o'er her grave.

Many may thank my schooling, not my will,
If my pen-gun shoots not with power to kill;
Or by Dick Dry, who yesternight admonish'd me,
This very work in Satire had astonish'd ye;
Which e'en *if now you say there's nothing in*
You cant appreciate even Bobby Wynue.

If I write strongly who can blame my zeal?
I love my Country more than most can feel;
She is the only thing that smiles on me;
Her mountains, rivers,—yes—yes—are they free?
Free from the stigma, that pursue's her sons,
Which he who values reputation shuns.

Keep thou the pleasures that the town instills—
Let me with health roam musing o'er her hills,
To feel my soul expand beyond its screen,
And revel in the luxury of the scene.

To feel my thoughts from her lake scenery high,
Soar with the eagle thro' her cloudless sky:
Or when the wild-duck whistles by anon
Glide on her waters with the graceful swan.
To see the boundaries that vain mortals rear,
To guard 'gainst the enroachments that they fear.
Dwindle to nothing in the expanse divine,
Render'd by distance lesser than a line;
And know they spend the empire of their day,
To gather gold, less durable than they.

And from the sun the centre of this sphere,
To the earth's seasons that he rules from there!
From the high mountain, to the boundless ocean,
Adore the power that put the whole in motion!—

What wretch is *that* who crawls along the street
Like death emerging from a shower of sleet,—

Who's armed at all points like a Porcupine ?
No subject *he* to cheer the timid nine.
O'er his dark visage, never yet a smile
Did his cold heart's ingratitude beguile.
He is the frozen thing he seems to be
That never felt the glow of charity,
Treating subordinates as tho' they were
Beneath a human, or a heavenly care.
Within his breast the Traitor reigns supreme
Like the weir'd phantom of a murderer's dream ;
It haunts him in the day, as well as night
And o'er his face reflects a ghastly light.
Deceit is stamped upon his swarthy brow
Who recogniseth not the portrait now ?

Here comes another, tell me, who is he ?
If you mean merely, what's his pedigree ?
Tho' from the red-book he can not reply,
He's quite as good as either you or I.
Since Sacred History, tells us, I believe,
Our common mother's matronymic's Eve
Circumstances gen'rally make the man,
And turn your cook-maid into Lady Ann.
Merit without money is despised,
And that's the reason why 'tis oft disguised,
Many a germ in Greenland rots in earth
For want of warmth, to give its beauty birth;
And many a soul unknown, if it had braved
The breath of censure, many a soul had saved.
A bard hath said, who wielded satire's rod,
" An honest man's the noblest work of God."
A virtuous girl, all earthly thoughts above
Is not worth man's, but more than angel's love.
Far lovelier she, in piety devout,
A milk-maid with it, than a queen without :
You ask me who he is ? I'll tell you who.
He is a man, than richer there are few ;

He has the stone wise men dreamed of, of old,
 And all he touches turneth into gold.
 With all his wealth his friends admit this fact,
 He ne'er was guilty of a generous act.
 Tho' Law Courts he keeps from, I never heard
 Or friend, or foe, give him a gentle word.
 He has no trust in God, no future state.
 Tho' his main lust is money to create,
 When death shall thick'ning thro' his eyeballs swim,
 I'll be as rich, aye, even in purse as him.
 The promise of an honest man's his bond ;
 Who e'er takes his, is destin'd to despond.
 Altho' their's honor, so tis said, 'mong thieves ?
 There's no such word, within *his* Bible's leaves.
 Oh ! if he knew, how all his name detest,
 And deem him to society a pest—
 How they would from his grovelling meanness steer,
 If 'twere not for his income by the year—
 Methinks he would despise his sordid heart.
 And frightened from his long reflection start.
 Better to be *that* Spaniel playing there,
 Than such a mass of merely flesh and hair !
 One comfort this, if he change not ere death,
 Pollution dies, when he resigns his breath.

If he complains of this, let him beware—
 I know more of his life, than he's aware ;
 If he does *not* keep quiet, by his strife
 His portrait shall be hit off to the life—
 His person, and his soul, disunion'd brother,
 Shall grin like two twin devils at each other.

See'st thou, yon man, with one foot on the grave !
 In bigamy, the bravest of the brave ?
 Who seduced six upon his native shore !
 And since he left, who knows how many more ?
 Seraglio Bob ! Lord Hawke's peculiar friend !

Who in his Lordship's curricule did wend
His way thro' Spain; with four bloods at command,
He dash'd along, a Grandee in the land,
Counted by all as generous a fellow,
As ever sprang a tap in Bacchus' cellar,
And left you penniless, hard by the door,
To fight it out, and pay the Landlord's score.
Among the girls he had the art to please,
And spend Hawke's money with becoming ease!
He once his legs in buckskins did bedeck,
And threw off on Repriever at the neck!
His claret colour'd cloak, and neckerchief,
Throw out his character in bold relief—
As outre in his person, as in mind,
To fashion careless, as to virtue blind!
With feeble step, he totters on his way,
And dares the justice of the judgment day!
When Satan for rebellion fell from high,
Dreadful commotion shook the pallid sky;
Planets against planets, furious hurl'd,
With jarring discord, well nigh whelm'd the word.
Just so this wretch the human world doth shake,
He never told the truth, save by mistake!
Sectarian broils compose his soul's delight;
The bond against the free, he arms for fight,
And looking on enjoys a gloating grin,
The Quilp of Quills, and practiser of sin!
In him behold an Editor appears,
And Printers Devils tremble as he nears;
Yet with a fear to reputation due,
Each unfledg'd Author shrinks from his Review,
For should he praise, the youth's first fond endeavour
His literary fame is d——d for ever!
He might have been, an honour to the world,
Had not Debauchery her flag unfurl'd.
He left the land; Vice fann'd his fluttering sail,

And profligacy blew a ruder gale :
 He seized the helm, tho' twice she sprang a leak.
 The holes well plugg'd, she proved herself true teak.
 Tho' crack'd and riven, in her every mast,
 On guilts red tide, she still reflects the past;
 If on her deck, he bid's the world farewell,
 His proper burial ground's the Ocean Hell.

Reader, the moral draw why have we parts ?
 At such a question, surely this wretch starts ;
 Parts were bestowed on man the good to cheer,
 And keep the wicked back with hand severe ;
 Or what incentive would the poor man feel,
 Thro' honest poverty to climb life's hill ?
 " His consciences approval " yes, 'tis well,
 Ye men of Church, this simple truth to tell;
 Unto the rich, who never felt desire,
 Beyond their worldly luxuries to aspire ;
 Who when they revel in sin's sunny bower,
 Think their example hath no further power.
 Barbarians in mind, tho' not in dress,
 Are kept in order by what power ?—the Press !

Then mention not his age, will that excuse,
 The soul destroying victim of the stews ;
 Who not alone, while youth swells every vein,
 And baffles frailty's effort to restrain
 Her passion errs ; but when grey years come on,
 Continues in the practice she begun.
 If Vice, is Vice, in young and blooming twenty,
 Is it *but* Vice in old decrepid seventy ?

" His talents should conciliate your verse,
 They only make his souls debasement worse.
 " The poor od man," unmitigated rip,
 Whose lies would sink a line of battle ship.

R L M

If he had fought for France at Waterloo,
 Napoleon had our Army overthrew.
 'Tis not long since, he swore what he knew well
 To be as false, as penitence in Hell!
 But yet we musn't touch him—"he's so old
 "Indeed, I'm sure you need not why be told?
 "A vicious old horse, kicking like a colt
 "Unless he's coax'd, and humour'd, tries to bolt."
 Then spur him well, until he makes a stand
 Or pull him up with herculean hand:
 But if your seat he still keeps in suspense
 Shake him, and rasp him at the nearest fence,
 And when he finds the Tartar's always ready
 He'll walk along as quiet as a Lady:
 If age, chameleon like, can change crimes hue
 Then Sir I bow in argument to you.

Last comes a man, whose Councillorship will be
 A knotty riddle with posterity.
 William Race, your reasoning is so deep
 That ere I reach'd its depth, I fell asleep,
 And should have slept till now, had not a guest,
 A Transportation nightmare, broke my rest.
 I dreamt, that a State Cobbler from the North
 On wings of dark pollution issued forth,
 Within one hand his "itchy palm" clutch'd gold
 And as he said, all men for this are sold.
 That I possess a mortgage o'er your land
 My Lawyer, Mr. B——r has in hand.
 Your wife and family, I feel for them!
 And Sir, the course I must pursue, condemn!
 I would not like to drive you from your home!
 But charity, my friend, begins at home!
 So if you'll neither pay, nor turn your coat!
 Down the Insolvent stream, your name must float!
 Near and more near, the minds miasma came.

And from its mouth flowed forth corruptions flame
 I gazed around, but no escape was there,
 Thro' Earth—thro' Fire—thro' Water, or thro' Air.
 Chained to the spot, in sinew'y strength quite dead
 It sat upon me like a ton of lead.
 I woud have cried—be off—thou Gorgon, fly—
 Here for my Country, I live or die ;
 But then the effort woke me, with delight
 To find, I read your pamphlet over night,
 Literary indigestion had ensued
 From taking such uneducated food.

The "poor St. Gile's boy," who e'er he be
 Can owe no debt of gratitude to thee—
 Unless it be, your Ex—C—ship to thank
 For dragging him from lowliness's rank,
 He thanks you not, depend upon it, Race *Adams*
 For throwing his low breeding in his face,
 Which if you had not touch'd on with your awl,
 Long might have slept beneath oblivion's pall.

With wretched grammar, vulgarism's too, *

* "I hear it asserted that we do not produce our own meat, the reason of this I believe to be that the Port Phillip *Gentlemen* send it cheaper than we can afford to fatten it ; only a small portion of our grass lands will fatten stock at all, or do more than keep it in a healthy condition : at Port Phillip all the lands fatten stock *wonderfully*, we cannot turnip feed to compete with those who can sell beef at 8s. per cwt., as we must at least receive 20s. per cwt, to pay us 7s., therefore the only meat we have, generally speaking, is the grass fed."

"My humble opinion is, do not let us act rashly ; I am a great advocate for *letting well alone*.

"I never *was* so surprised as when I landed here.

Having heard the young *gentleman* in council I cannot say I was surprised when I read such splut-

And all the garbish of the Grub-street crew

* With cloak'd contamination and a deal

Of selfish interest for the public weal,†

‡ With gross mis-statements and with ignorance

tering jargon as this. The vulgarest Cockney born, bred, and educated in the sound of Bow bells, could not parallel it in point of erudition.

* "To those differing from me, I would say, are you prepared to prove the free inhabitants of this island morally deteriorated and contaminated? I believe you cannot.

† "I have shewn why I consider the character of the community has not deteriorated; I find our pecuniary position has vastly improved.

‡ Alluding to Port Phillip he says:—"The crown lands are held in blocks of 25 square miles each, for which we pay £10 per annum, rent; either to *cultivate* or depasture, or both. Wages are £30 per annum, with as much tea, sugar, and other rations as the men like to use and *destroy*; for in consequence of labor being so scarce, we are obliged to allow our servants to do as they please, or they will immediately leave us."

With reference to a communication from Port Phillip, he asserts—"I graze 7,600 sheep, the rent I pay is £33. 16s. par annum."

Independently of licences, which are £10 per annum and for that quantity of sheep he would most likely be compelled to take out two, the assessment alone at a penny per head, would come to £31 13s 4d.

What are we to think of his statistics now?

"A cultivation licence can be had at Port Phillip for £5 a year, which entitles the holder to cultivate 500 acres.

I was in Port Phillip for upwards of five years, living in both a pastoral and agricultural district, and no such licence to my knowledge was ever in existence.

In Port Phillip the richest agricultural lands are almost *unlimited* in extent. Where are they? In the forests or on the plains! I have travelled some hundreds of miles of both, and never met a person who had made the discovery.

In every thing, in matters of finance.

With sentiments that would be snivelling styled
And pittiabie, even in a child, *

Your *Racy* Pamphlet's dress'd—go back to school,
And learn that even at *law* you're stil'd a —

"I've forty thousand—" what—you don't say so,
How you procur'd them does the public know,
Was it by searching slowly the *Gazette* ?
Or pumping every shepherd that you met !

The kindness you received from France's foes !

Was from some aunt, I naturally suppose !

And did the Cockney's rushing from beehive
Really know you ever were alive ?

How many hail'd you when you walk'd the Strand,
With "here's a Councillor Bill from Devils land !"

"Vell vot a hannimal he is Jack a

"He looks as dowdyish as a von-horse-shay,

"It's lucky Vomell isn't passing by,

"He'd put put him with the 'possum in his rie !

Did you in Bond-street mix with Long's, crack mess,
To see the silver spoons make their egress !

I pity you the dusthole's monster muff,

How could you put your name to such low stuff.

Fastidious men—notoriously nice

Foes all to virtue—warmest friends to vice,

You wish religion from its basis hurl'd,

And no such thing as order in the world ;

* "I hear some complain of the disrespect with which persons from this Island are treated, when they go to England. I was lately in England, and I should be wanting in justice, if I did not state, that nothing could exceed the generous, open-hearted kindness and hospitality with which I was received,—kindness's which will never be effaced from my memory."

E'en now you say pollution is a lie
And scan Supreme Court facts with a careless eye,
You know atrocious crimes too oft take place,
Why then deny it with unblushing face ?

Sons of the soil, will you resign your ease,
And all your comforts into hands like these
Will you resign this fair and fertile Isle,
Were Pan and Ceres never cease to smile ?
Whose mountain-peaks clothed in perpetual snow !
Whose Vales thro' which the Derwent's waters flow !
Where wattles bloom, and wild birds warbling sing,
Making delicious the soft air of Spring.
That only need the share, their banks to turn,
To yield a fruitful harvest in return.

Those more sublime than Italy's blue hills,
These purer than the sparkle of her rills.
Will you resign all these ? and oh ! far more,
To slavery's breath the fuschia's of your shore ?
The graceful virgins, whom our halls adorn,
And vie with those in classic countries born !
Who that has viewed them on a ball-room night,
Nor felt his heart bound high with wild delight ;
As circling thro' the waltz—the nine's own dance,
On music's wings, they thrillingly advance,
While snowy honours swell their seams above,
And lure the world-worn Rioter to love !

Must be insensible to every joy,
That warms the bosom of the merest boy !
Not Titians Venus, Greece's boast and pride,
Whose features live, tho' their Creator died !
When its ideal raptur'd him alone,
And gave enduring beauty to the stone,
Not Raphaël, with the easel in his hand,
Painting the Goddess of his native land.
His Fornarini, whom he press'd in death,

And drank with frantic grief her heavenly breath,
 Not *when* Scott drew Rebecca, virtues queen,
 Cloth'd in immortal majesty serene !
 As on that lofty parapet she trod,
 And proudly dared to send her soul to God—
 Rather than trust with *man*, that priceless gem,
 The *best* adore—the *worst* cannot contemn.*

A more ethereal object bodied then
 Than that which now flows trembling from my pen,
 But it were sacrilege, her name divine,
 To mention in probation verse like mine.

No ! you will not do so, you'll never be,
 The taunted panderers to slavery,
 Which deluging the Island with its crime,
 Has well nigh changed the climate of the clime !
 Pollution flows at noonday thro' our streets,
 Contaminating all with whom it meets.
 Fancy the feelings of a mother who
 Hath reared her child with admonition due.
 The gay and artless offspring of her youth
 When love was constancy and vows were truth,
 And worse than this, of life's maturer days,
 The pledge that with each varying frolic plays,
 But I desist : the injur'd are the blest,
 I dare not trust myself to paint the rest !

This is pronounced by some "imagination"
 Mere "visionary parchment agitation"
 Pollutionism's self, whose septic heart,
 Would precepts of morality impart,
 And by example, teach us that he thought,
 A patriot like Insurance might be bought,
 And to traduce a friend, perverting fact,

* Even Charteris knew the value of a good reputation

And then deny it was a brave man's act,
Where did you learn to speak, in God's name where ?
Behind the bar, or at a country fair ?
Or from Tom Spring, your attitude's so fine,
It only wants the *gloves* to be divine.
Tommy Whitefeather, what a valiant name,
To hold a pistol in the ranks of fame !
Oh, Tommy pray, your low acquaintance shun,
And leave Degraives's waterworks alone ;
Not all that passes thro' his mill I ween,
Could wash your mind's transcendent baseness clean.
Talents are rare in this terrestrial ball,
But honesty's the rarest of them all.

If you believe your soul's eternal bliss,
Is more important than your clay's in this ?
Where, if you live for three score years and ten,
The time allotted to the healthiest men,
It is the most to which you can aspire
Ere, you from this detested scene retire.
What is at the best, a long drawn breath,
Whose grief's existence, and whose joy is death.
Upon a moral ground then take your stand,
And wave the stream back with ablution's wand,
That History may your children's children cheer,
And future Patriots may your name's revere.

If nervous moralists should question why,
I let my arrow from my quiver fly,
And tipp'd it with the edge of Satire's play,
Ere thro' my native land, it wing its way ?
To them I say, I deem as lawful game,
The State Empiricks, who disgrace her name.
While mortgagee's by transportation live,
Self interest may these worthy men forgive :
But when a Clergyman, crimes champion starts,
Appealing to our purses, and our hearts ;

819-9
A 78

Imagination can conceive no name,
Nauseous enough to hand him down to fame.
No more in him religion placeth trust,
But spurns him from her presence with disgust.
E'en Fagan's self might mourn for his compeer,
And shed o'er man's depravity a tear.

The Giant *Times*—the Journal of the World,
Hath it not thralldom from its basis hurl'd ?
The Franklin of the Southern Hemisphere,
Hath he not fought for us in the *Courier* ?
He would not see enslaved the base to please,
The fair Arcadia of the Southern Seas.
When all the leading papers of the day,
The call of their adopted land obey ?
When all the cleverest statesmen of the age,
At home their talents in our cause engage ?
Shall we degenerate count the clanking chain,
And then of our depravity complain ?
No : throw it off, never or now's the time,
And if made poor, is poverty a crime ?
At any rate, I ask you is it meet,
The bond should with our free-born sons compete ?
Curs'd be the wretch in usury grown old,
Whose soul is wrapt up in a wreath of gold.
In whom all feelings yield to this fond one,
Grown rich by Bailiffs, Turnkey's and the Dun ;
Who shaves the wheel of law, an *honest* man,
And yet in every act, a very villian.
May his hard heart turn putrid ere he die !
Good fortune banish daylight from his eye !
Eternal horrors thro' his conscience swim,
And palsied nature shake thro' every limb.
Enthroned upon the pillory of hate,
And lingering perish in this loathsome state !

FINIS.

John Moore Printer, Macquarie Street, Hobarton.